

Somewhere to Heal - Extras

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Somewhere to Heal - Extras

by [DearlyDevoid](#)

Summary

This story will contain extras and deleted scenes from Somewhere to Heal from canon things I couldn't include in the main story to ideas I had that didn't pan out. It will contain spoilers for the main story and will not make sense if you haven't read it.

Notes

Tommy Innit goes to a market.

Takes place between chapters 2 and 3.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Witchcraft!

“Tommy?” the soft spoken voice of his boss cuts into his focus. “Your lunch break began fifteen minutes ago.”

“Lunch break?” He gets a lunch break?

She nods, “Mhm. Now why don’t you hurry along and go get something to eat.”

He sends a quick glance to his hunger bar and finds he’s dropped a heart over the course of the day. “Alright. Thanks Clementine, I’ll be back in a bit!” He hurriedly sets his stuff to the side, careful to make sure he doesn’t mess anything up, and leaves for the market he saw the other day while he was job searching. It wasn’t a long walk, only a few minutes, and he reached a large open space with a stony black surface, a ‘parking lot’ if he remembers right. He follows behind a couple as they walk up to a set of doors that open as they walk up to them.

He stops, flabbergasted, as they act like there isn’t something amazing happening. He doesn’t do anything other than stare for a good minute before stepping forward. They open. He steps back. They close. He does this again and again and it keeps on happening. He grins giddily and runs up to them, poking and prodding to find out how they work. Man he wishes pickaxes picked up blocks here. It would be so much easier to figure it out that way.

“Sir? What are you doing?” Tommy looks up to see a tired employee standing awkwardly a few feet away.

“I’m trying to see how they work,” Tommy answers. “If I pry this up…” he mutters and tries to wedge his fingernails under the metal plating under the doors.

“Sir, please stop that.”

“This is truly impressive, I can’t even see any redstone! Is it witchcraft?” Surely it can’t be anything else. There’s no red stone and there’s no way that electricity stuff could do something like this. How is it even possible? He didn’t even hit a button or pressure plate! Is there a hidden pressure plate maybe?

He rushes back a few feet, crawling low to the ground, to try and spot the slight raise of a pressure plate. Nope, not that either. Witchcraft!

“Sir, you’re scaring off the customers…” Tommy looks up and sees everyone giving him weird, and somewhat frightened, looks and those who were arriving or leaving skirt around him, giving him a wide berth as they enter or exit the store. He shoots to his feet and casually walks into the store like he wasn’t just on the pavement looking for evidence of witchcraft.

“Sorry about that,” he exclaims with a bright smile. “I’ll just be on my way then.” Tommy marches into the store over exaggeratedly and the employee looks at him dead eyed. She

looked like she wanted to stop him but hesitates and with a sigh ends up walking away muttering about how she 'isn't paid enough to deal with this shit.' He only shrugs and continues into the store and is immediately met with more food that he's ever seen in one place in his entire *life*. He gapes at rows upon rows of food. Packaged and fresh and every single thing different from the rest.

He walks into the store in wonder, eyes shining as they scan item after item of food he doesn't recognize.

"Holy shit," he breathes, a laugh bubbling from his lips. "Holy *shit*. Prime above this is a lot of food..." He makes his way around the store, drifting to the meat section and his mouth waters just seeing the sheer quantity of the selection. What he wouldn't give for a freshly grilled steak after nothing but old furnace steaks for what feels like years. Not to mention it was cold.

There was no ice nearby or any red stone in sight, but it was somehow cold all around the meat and nearby there was a large clear door that was even colder. Behind the clear doors was a bunch of frozen meat and other foods he couldn't name. When he opened it he shivered and shut it quick enough that the door slammed back closed. It was almost as cold as the arctic inside and Tommy marveled at how the door fogged up when it opened. He couldn't resist opening it and dealing with the cold long enough to draw in the fog. What was the point of a see-through door anyway? So people know what's inside probably, but wouldn't a glass door break super easily? They're going to let the arctic out and it'll get all warm inside! How did they manage to create a false mini biome in the thing anyway? There isn't even any ice!

Regrettably he turns away, he has nowhere to cook and even if he did he can't cook outside of furnaces and crafting tables for shit, and heads towards the premade packaged foods. There were bags and boxes covered in bright colors and big letters proclaiming new and bold flavors.

Each item looked better than the last, but he didn't have a clue where to start. Cereal? Ice pops? Pretzels? Potato chips? Potatoes he recognized, but chips on the other hand were foreign to him. Upon closer inspection they seemed like crispy potato slivers. They seemed different enough from an actual potato that he might be able to tolerate them, but he didn't want to risk it and turned to leave the aisle. He's blocked! Okay, other way then. Where did they fucking come from?!

A woman with a baby in a large box on wheels was hovering by the first exit he tried, placing similarly packaged 'chips' into her basket while on the other side a group of teens, probably around fifteen if he had to guess, were chatting and going through their options, lightheartedly arguing about what they should get.

What the fuck is he supposed to do now? He's trapped on both sides and there isn't enough room to get past. Is he supposed to muscle his way past them? Or politely ask them to move the fuck out of his way? What is proper food store etiquette? Either way, both of those involve talking to people and honestly he doesn't know enough about this world to even attempt it. What if he said the wrong thing and he got murdered by a group of wimpy teens? That would be too embarrassing to ever come back from. That leaves one option.

Climbing over the dividers to get to the next aisle.

He steps onto the bottom shelf directly in front of him and tests his weight. It doesn't fall and he grins as he puts his other foot next to the first. He grabs onto the next shelf above his hands and pulls himself up. He gets up three rows before one of the teens notices him and mutely bumps shoulders with their friends before pointing, drawing their attention to him.

"What is he doing?" one whispers to another.

"Is he going over the aisle?"

"Fucking weirdo."

That last one hurt. How will he ever recover from this affront against his very being. By 'accidently' kicking some of the bags at the kids head. Problem solved. The teens' shocked exclamation as the bags hit them in the head draws the woman's gaze and she immediately gasps.

"Young man, get down from there! You'll hurt yourself!"

"Nope!" he yells and finally pulls himself onto the top shelf of the food stand thing. He stands up a little too quickly and the thing begins to wobble. He bends his knees and puts his hands out to his sides until it stops before throwing them up with a whoop. "I'm the king of the fucking stand!"

"Sir! Get down from there or I'll have to call security!" A party pooper employee, different from the one at the door, calls up to him and he blows a raspberry at them. They look shitty, their whole look screaming manager, and Tommy decides he's in his Karen arc.

"Party pooper!" he yells and walks confidently to the other side. He's tempted to try and jump to the next aisle, but it looks unstable as fuck. On second thought that guy is waiting in the aisle below him and he's not in the mood to deal with party pooper bitches.

Tommy bends his knees, arms bent and swinging at his sides, tongue stuck out to the side as he prepares to jump. The manager releases a strangled noise as he leaps, crash landing on the next aisle divider thing.

"Fuck yeah!" He laughs and does it again. He continues until he's nearing the end of the food standy thingies. He climbs down and speed walks a few more aisles down.

"Sir! *Sir!*"

Nope," Tommy mutters, hand held up to cover his face as he walks as fast as he can. He enters the next aisle and runs up to a random shelf, sticking his hand into the mess of random products just as the manager bitch rounds the corner with the fury of a thousand suns. Too bad. There's already multiple things in his inventory.

"Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to leave," he says, hunched over with his hands on his knees as he panted. His voice was stern and angry, but Tommy couldn't take the guy seriously like that.

“Alright, I’ll go,” Tommy relinquishes, the man sighing in relief. “Right after I buy these... things!” Tommy holds up the last bag on the section of shelving he’s in and holds back his laugh as the man looks like he just killed his dog all while beaming at him.

He struggles for a minute before half groaning half yelling and giving in. “Fine. Be quick!”

“In and out, big man,” Tommy exclaims, smiling wide, but the manager doesn’t seem amused. “Jeez, tough crowd.” The man just stares at him, unimpressed. Tommy scowls. “Fine, fine, I’m going. Fucking bitch,” he mutters the last two words and starts walking towards the front of the store. All the people who’ve finished their shopping, some pushing the large basket things on wheels with others carrying smaller versions, were funneling towards an area with a bunch of people standing behind desks that beep every few seconds.

The manager follows him close behind and Tommy suppresses a scoff. Honestly, the guy’s acting like he could force him out of the store if he wanted to but he couldn’t do shit. It’s like watching that one guy flex his muscles when really he’s weak as fuck. Tommy could definitely take him down if he wanted to. One hit to the knee’s and it’d all be over. As fun as that sounded he ignored the guy for the most part, approaching the nearest open desk which just so happened to have the employee from the door behind it.

She groans. “I really don’t want to deal with this right now,” she whispers, staring up at the sky in despair like that would help her. Nothing can save her from the wrath of the great Tommy Innit! “Gods save me.” Sorry, they said no.

“Sorry bout all that at the door,” he exclaims and proudly places his random item from the shelf on the desk. Then the desk starts fucking moving! It’s bringing the food to her all on its own! That’s so fucking cool. He kinda wants to take one of the cylinders out of the box on the wall and see if it will roll. What is ‘chapstick’? “I will take this please.” Ignoring the obvious witchcraft taking place in front of him he takes a better look at the bag. “Yes, beef jer-kay. That is what I’m buying.” It’s got beef in it so it has to be good, right?

The clerk looks dead inside as she rings up the jerky and sighs. “That’ll be three primes.”

“Excuse me?” Primes? As in god? What the fuck even is this world at this point. Witchcraft in stores and no common decency to let him jump across the aisles. What’s next? They’ve got a chicken for a president?

“Yes, three primes, money. Do you have any?”

“Of course I do!” Tommy answers, voice boisterous, and discreetly summons the colored paper from his inventory. He puts it on the counter and the clerk looks completely done as she grabs it and counts out three bills before handing him back the rest.

“Thank you for shopping at ‘L’MiniMart’.” Yeesh, he’d be dead inside too if he had to say that to every customer. Goodbye dignity. This woman has earned all his pity and all his respect. “Have a L’Man-tastic day.”

“Thank you,” Tommy says and hands her a couple of the bills for putting up for him and because she deserves it for having to say those stupid slogans. This place is where dignity

goes to die. “You keep that.”

“Thanks,” she says blankly, and somewhat confused, but he can tell she’s at least somewhat thankful. Probably because he’s leaving, but oh well. Not everyone can handle his sheer awesomeness. He waves happily to the manager and revels in his sigh of relief as he walks out the door. He wasn’t even *that* bad. They should see him in full gremlin mode, now that’s something to sigh at.

He makes his way out of the building and up to the roof because what better place is there to eat food he stole than on the roof of the place he stole it from. He settles down near the center of the roof, away from where he could be spotted, he doesn’t think they’d take too kindly to him sticking around, and dumps out his loot. There are about ten bags of food, including his jerky, all in the same colorful package the rest had. First things first, time to try the beef jerky.

He rips open the top and pulls out the first piece. He scowls as his fingers stick to the meat and bites into it. He grunts as he tries to bite through, and fails, and ends up pulling with his hand as he tears a piece off with his teeth. It’s tough to chew and it takes a full minute before he can swallow it, but overall, not a bad taste.

He shoves the rest of the first piece into his mouth and gnaws on it as he looks through the rest of his loot. The first is something called ‘potato chips’ which he remembered seeing in the store and is subsequently thrown right off the roof the second the name registers. Potatoes can go to hell.

“Fucking dipshit,” he grumbles, grabbing the second bag harshly. “It’s not nice to beat people with fucking potatoes.” The second bag, along with the third, fourth, and fifth are labeled ‘cheesy corn puffs’. He opens the bag and looks inside. They don’t look like corn and they were covered in some sort of powder, but they were definitely puffy. He grabs one, powder rubbing off and sticking to his sticky fingers, and throws one into his mouth, eyes widening in surprise as the flavor hits his tongue. They were surprisingly good. Tommy banishes the jerky to his inventory and decides his meal for the day would be the corn puffs and begins chowing down.

The remainder of the bags have varying types of corn ‘chips’ and there was a box of ‘twinkies’ and little chocolate cupcakes. He decides to save the rest for later and sends it all to his inventory as he finishes off the puffs. Once they’re gone he overturns the bag into his mouth and shakes it to get the rest out. Once he’s sure there isn’t a single crumb in the bag he turns to his fingers and licks off the powder.

He lays back on the roof, arms crossed behind his head, and plans out how he’s going to eat for the week. In the end he decides to make the food last as long as he can and go from there since he’s pretty sure he won’t be allowed back into the ‘L’MiniMart’. With that taken care of Tommy stands and dusts himself off before climbing down from the roof. He climbed down the back because there was a car out front with red and blue lights and people talking to the manager and the employee from before. He’d rather not get involved in whatever that is.

He’s got work to get back to.

Cool new things Tommy finds ft. Niki

Chapter Summary

A compilation of Tommy finding cool new things in the new world.

Chapter Notes

Takes place mainly chapter 3 before he meets Wilbur but it's not over strict timeline wise.

Tw:
mentioned animal abuse

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Pst. Niki!” Tommy hiss-whispers, crouching down beside the counter. “Niki!”

“Tommy, what are you doing down there?” Niki asks, staring at him curiously. He was just crouching beside the counter like the orange tart would jump out and attack him or something. He doesn’t like them much.

“Shh! It’ll hear you...”

“What will?” she asks slowly. Is there someone after him?

“It’s watching...” Tommy creeps away from the counter, glaring at the corner of the room. At the camera. Tommy does a few quick steps to the side and the lens follows. He repeats the steps in multiple different directions and watches as the lens continues to follow his movements. “What is this witchcraft and how do I make it stop?”

“The camera?”

“Camera,” Tommy repeats. “I have never met a ‘Camera’ before. Are they nice?”

“Camera’s aren’t alive-”

“I know, I’ll fight it! It’s the only way!”

“Wait, don’t-” Niki is, sadly, too late. Tommy is already running full speed toward the camera, screaming a war cry as he attacks her poor, poor camera. Niki winces as it crashes to the ground and splits into pieces.

“We’re safe now,” Tommy says with a proud nod and he returns to the counter.

“Tommy, that was my security camera,” she explains. “It’s supposed to watch you. It stops people from stealing and makes sure people who break the law don’t get away with it.”

“Oh...can I have some pie?”

“Sure, Tommy,” Niki sighs, fond smile creeping onto her face despite the situation. She’ll just buy a new camera on the way home.

“Tommy? What happened!” Tommy had walked into the cafe with scorch marks and soot all over, his hair still smoking ever so slightly.

“I was experimenting,” Tommy answers, grinning mischievously.

“I’m almost scared to ask,” Niki responds and wets a nearby cloth. She hands it over the counter and gestures to her cheek where he has a large patch of soot. He starts aggressively attacking it with the cloth and once she confirms it’s gone he moves onto his hands, forgoing attempting to clean his shirt. He tries to hand it back but she shakes her head. “Your hair’s still smoking...” He pats around his head with the cloth randomly until finally the smoke disappears and she nods to show he got it.

“Thanks.”

“You’re welcome,” she responds, then despite her fear, asks, “What was your experiment?” She tosses the cloth into the sink to wash later before returning to face Tommy.

“Oh, okay, so there’s this metal thing, right? It’s in my apartment and I have no idea what it is, so I was trying to figure out what it does,” Tommy explains, gesturing uselessly with his hands, attempting to show what it looked like through them. “There’s these two large hole things on the top and little pushy things that go up and down on the side.”

“A toaster?”

“Yeah, that!”

It’s for bread,” Niki supplies. “You put the slices in then push the pedals down to cook them.”

“Cook bread? Like after the first time? Why the fuck would someone do that?” Tommy asks, scrunching his nose at the thought. “Wouldn’t it get all crusty?”

“Sometimes,” Niki laughs. “You just need to know how to toast it right. I’ll make you some, show you what I mean. It’s good, I promise.”

“Sure, whatever, anyway, I didn’t know how it worked so I was trying different things,” Tommy steers the conversation back to the initial question. “And then I realized, it’s for storage! Or that’s what I thought at the time,” Tommy rambles on and Niki places some bread in the toaster, grabbing some butter and jam from the fridge to spread on top. “So I started

putting all my mini tridents, shovels and swords in it and pressed down the pedals to hide them, but I realized I forgot one and when I went to stab it in place this happened.”

“Tridents, shovels, and swords?” Niki mutters, trailing off as she thinks. What does that mean? Then it hits her. “You put utensils in the toaster!” She drops the butter and rushes over, hands flitting up as if to grab his shoulders and check for injuries before she forces them down, placing them on the counter. “Are you alright? How are you walking right now? Do you need to go to the hospital?”

“Niki, I’m *fine*,” Tommy whines. “You’re such a worrier. I just got a little scorched up, no big deal. Really!”

“Getting shocked by a toaster is not *no big deal*-”

“The bread popped up!” Tommy exclaims, distracted by the toast being done. “That happened to my food tools too! Does that mean it’s done?”

“I- ah- yes, it does,” Niki stutters, struggling to reorient herself after the quick turn of the conversation.

“Great! I’m starving,” Tommy cheers. “Does that mean I can eat it now?”

“Yeah, let me just put some butter and jelly on it first.” Niki steps back in a daze and spreads butter on both slices before putting grape jelly on one and strawberry jam on the other. Tommy promptly devours the toast when she gives it to him then asks for more, both with strawberry jam this time around.

“Damage recovered! See? Good as new!”

She decides it’s better not to question anything that just happened. She’ll keep her sanity, thank you.

“Tommy, what are you doing back here?” How did he manage to sneak past her? She was standing right in front of the door to the back and he’d have to get behind the counter to even get to it.

“I’m trying to catch the light,” Tommy whispers, opening the fridge and peaking through the gap. “It’s always on when I open it, but it’s off when it’s closed.”

“It is?” Niki asks, hiding her laughter behind her hand. He’s like a little kid.

“Mhm,” Tommy nods. “I closed the door when I was inside it and the light turned off. I’m trying to catch it before it hides from out here now.”

Niki startles, arms uncrossing as she pushes off the wall, “Wait a second, you were *in* the fridge?”

“Of course,” Tommy responds, opening and closing the fridge. “How else was I supposed to find out if the light was always on?” Niki was at a loss for words with that. “Aha! I saw it! I saw it turn off!” Tommy starts laughing and jumping around to celebrate. “This victory deserves some pie to celebrate. Niki, pie me!”

“Niki, I have a question and I’m scared to know the answer,” Tommy announces as he walks into the cafe, face solemn.

“Whatever it is I’m sure it isn’t as bad as you think,” Niki answers, putting aside the towel she was using to wipe the counter and gives Tommy her full attention.

“Whipped cream,” he says, uncharacteristically somber over the food he recently discovered and fell in love with. “Is it made from whipping cows, yes or no? Because if it is then I will choose cows.”

Niki holds in her laugh at the idea knowing Tommy would most likely take it the wrong way, but in her efforts she was slow to respond and Tommy took that as his answer, a look of horror dawning on his face.

“No! The poor cows!” He cries before slamming his hands on the table, determined. “We have to save them, Niki!”

“No, Tommy, no,” she struggles to say through her rising laughter. “No, whipped cream isn’t made by whipping cows.”

He pauses, already halfway to turning around to leave and save some cows wherever they happened to be. “It’s not?”

“No, you whip the cream, not the cow.”

“Oh thank Prime,” he sighs in relief, hand going to his chest in relief. “The cows remain safe and sound and I don’t have to choose between them.” He dramatically wipes fake tears from his eyes and Niki smiles. “Niki, I would like a bowl of whipped cream, please.”

“Coming right up,” she answers, a laugh bubbling over. She grabs a bowl and overfills it with whipped cream, which she has learned to pre-make ahead of time, as she does every time he asks for whipped cream and brings it out to the teen.

“Whipped cream!” he cheers and raises the bowl to the sky before hugging it to his chest. “I’ll never doubt you again,” he whispers to the bowl before shoving a handful into his mouth. Yes, he scooped it out with his hand and shoved the entire thing into his mouth.

With his free hand Tommy maneuvers the bowl around and grabs some money from his pocket, precariously balancing the bowl on his knee and standing on one foot even though the counter is well within reach, and drops it on the counter before catching the bowl in a rush. “That was close. I almost dropped it!”

“The counter was right there you know,” she laughs and gestures to the counter.

He stares at it. “Oh yeah...forgot about that.” He shrugs. “Anyway, bye Niki! I’m going to my seat now.” He then scurries away with his whipped cream and happily eats it as messily as possible before leaving for work almost an hour later.

“Niki! I have discovered something *amazing*,” Tommy shouts by way of greeting as he runs into the cafe.

“What did you find?” Niki asks and leans over the counter, arms resting on the countertop next to the register. At this point Niki was used to Tommy running in with some new discovery to share with her and it’s always fun to see what’s got him so excited this time around. Sometimes she even comes away from these encounters with a new perspective on something. Most of the time she just gets a good memory to look back on.

“It’s called a ‘battery’,” Tommy says and holds out a couple of old batteries. “They hold magic and power things in my apartment. I found them everywhere! These are from my ‘television’ remote, these are from the spin-y thing on my desk that blows air around, and these are from the light next to my bed. Aren’t they cool?”

“Very,” Niki responds.

“Tommy gets suddenly excited, “Do you think if I eat them I’ll get a power boost?”

“No, Tommy, do not eat batteries,” Niki is quick to say.

“I bet I could fight a god and win if I ate on,” Tommy mutters, looking at the batteries with a far off stare.

“Tommy, no,” Niki says slowly, but sternly. “Do not eat batteries. You will die.”

“Fine,” Tommy huffs. “I won’t eat them. But you better get me a pastry.”

“Always,” Niki sighs in relief and goes to grab Tommy a pastry and some whipped cream.

“Niki!” Her name is muffled and far away sounding, but she knew it to be the unmistakable yell of Tommy Innit and so she looked up towards the source of the sound only to see Tommy crash straight into the glass front of the cafe. She, along with multiple cafe patrons, winces and she jogs over to the front to check on him. It didn’t look like a hard hit, but the glass is bulletproof so there’s no real way of telling.

“Tommy, are you alright?” Tommy pops up, no longer holding his head, and beams.

“Niki, have you ever seen something so amazing,” he gushes and pulls up the handle of the electric scooter he drove right into her store. “It’s like a minecart but for one person and so much better.”

“They are pretty cool,” Niki agrees. “But be careful, okay, they’re dangerous.” He nods without paying her any real attention and puts one foot on the scooter, miming driving it. “Where did you even get that anyway?”

“Clementine mentioned seeing them all are Esempii Center and I thought they sounded cool so I decided I’d stop by and check them out before lunch,” Tommy responds.

“And you rode it all the way here?”

“Mhm,” Tommy nods.

“And you paid for it?” Tommy seemed like the type to see something on the street and immediately assume it was free. That and the ‘rented by’ screen at the top said it was being rented by Jack Manifold.

“Paid for what now?”

“The scooter,” Niki says slowly. “You did pay for it, right?”

“It was on the street!” he immediately defends. “Someone left it on the ground so I figured no one would miss it.”

“You stole someone’s scooter,” Niki clarifies.

“I didn’t mean to!”

Niki sighs, “Alright, just return it and I’ll look the other way, alright?”

“Got it!” Tommy kicks off and starts speeding away. “I’ll be back in a bit!” he yelled behind him and disappeared around a corner. A second later there’s a scream and a crash followed by a ‘sorry!’ and the sound of the motor carrying Tommy away. Niki can’t help but laugh to herself as she walks back into the cafe. And later that day if Jack got mad at her for laughing when he told her about the random scooter thief that returned it by running him over and booking it, that was for her to know.

“Niki, let me tell you,” Tommy says, leaning an elbow on the counter. “I found this great thing yesterday, it’s called a lighter. All you do is flick the top and suddenly you have *fire*. Isn’t that amazing?”

“Very amazing,” Niki agrees.

“Mhm, so I thought, what else makes fire and sounds fun to mess around with? A stove.” Oh she does not like where this is going. “But that seemed a little dangerous so I decided to try the oven instead. I’d used something close to one before so I thought it would be better to try first.” Tommy actually took the safer option? And nothing went wrong? There has to be a pig flying somewhere because that seemed impossible. “But I didn’t realize that ovens here don’t turn off when they’re done and I burnt my bread and started a fire. Before you worry! It was a small one, only *almost* burned down my apartment.”

She spoke too soon.

All in all she was grateful to have Tommy in her life, but if there's one thing she's learned, it's to never question anything he says or does, ever. Not if she wanted to keep what was left of her sanity. And so she smiles and nods whenever Tommy does something completely insane like it's totally normal and pretends her brain isn't ten seconds from imploding. How the kid is even still alive she'll never know. Especially after the toaster incident. And so she continues to smile and nod when Tommy does something odd like steal someone's phone when he hears it playing music and stand on a table and glare, chanting gibberish at them like he's cursing them and their entire bloodline, just to listen to the rest of the song and she doesn't go insane trying to figure out why phones are such a mystery to him in the first place. Tommy gets to continue doing what he wants and she gets to keep her sanity, it's a win-win!

“Niki! Have you ever heard of this thing called a ‘taser’? It’s really fun! Watch!”

“Tommy wait-!”

Chapter End Notes

Tommy 100% knew what he was doing when he took that scooter.

I was working on a chapter where Niki taught Tommy to make apple pie and whipped cream for the whipped cream bit, but it wasn't working out so I decided to put it in here instead.

Thank you to afisae for a lot of the ideas I used in this chapter!

Tommy tortures Fundy

Chapter Summary

Tommy discovers 'What does the Fox say'.

Chapter Notes

Takes place during a random hangout.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Save me,” Fundy mutters, sitting with his arms hugging his knees, slumped against the brick wall of a building.

“WhAt DoEs ThE fOx SaY!” Tommy screams, continuing to play that stupid song on repeat.

“Why?” Fundy whines. “I get enough of this from strangers, I don’t need it from you too.” He made the mistake of mentioning it to Slime once. He somehow took it to mean that playing the song was the proper way to greet him and didn’t stop playing it when they saw each other for *months*. Then just as he’s starting to think he might finally be free of it this happens!

“Wa-pa-pa-pa-pa-POW!” Tommy scream-sings and Fundy throws a desperate look at passersby who duck their heads and speed walk away.

“It’s been three hours,” Fundy mutters, pleading. “Make it stop.”

“Tommy?” Tommy stops singing, singing is being generous he’s just straight up yelling at this point, and looks to Fundy’s savior, ahem the newly arrived individual. “What’s going on?”

“Niki! Have you heard this amazing song?” Tommy asks, shoving Fundy’s phone closer to her to show off the 10-hour loop of ‘What does the Fox say’ he’s be torturing Fundy with for *three hours*.

“I have,” she says and meets Fundy’s eyes, desperate and pleading. “I think you should give him a break now.”

“Aw,” Tommy whines. “Really?”

“He’s probably a bit tired of it by now.”

“Do I have to?” Tommy whines and Niki gives him a stern look. “Fine,” Tommy groans and presses pause. “I don’t know how anyone could get tired of it but whatever you say Niki.” Precious freedom! Fundy feels nothing but utter relief as he turns to his savior.

“Thank you,” Fundy says, reverently. “Thank you for freeing me from that hell.”

“It’s a good song!” Tommy is ignored.

She smiles, looking faintly amused but he ignores it. “You’re welcome.”

“I don’t know why you’re so upset, Fundy,” Tommy says, shaking his head in disappointment. “That was the best song I’ve ever heard.”

“It stopped being funny when I lost count of how many times I’ve heard it,” Fundy deadpans, standing and brushing himself off.

“Your loss,” Tommy shrugs. “I’ll just have to play it until you love it again.”

“I regret so much,” Fundy sighs.

“Hey!” Fundy looks up to see Tommy trying to grab the phone back from Niki. “That’s mine!”

“I’m pretty sure it’s his actually,” Niki responds, showing the homescreen of him and his mother. “Here you go,” she says and hands it to him while Tommy pouts. “He doesn’t have a phone so as long as you keep yours away from him he won’t be able to play it. Won’t stop him from singing it though.”

“Thank you, that is the best news ever,” Fundy responds. She is the best person in the universe. Now all he has to do is hope Tommy never gets a phone. Better yet, that he forgets the song even exists which is doubtful.

“Good luck keeping it from me,” Tommy says mischievously. Fundy jumps at the voice suddenly behind him, yelping and clutching his phone to his chest. Tommy disappears with an evil cackle.

“Niki, I am terrified.”

“Good.”

Fundy screams, holding the phone tighter to his chest and turning away from Tommy to keep it out of his reach.

“Tommy,” Niki scolds but Fundy can see she’s holding in laughter. Betrayal of the highest order. How could she do this to him? His savior turned against him.

“Traitor,” Fundy mutters and that seems to be what breaks her resolve as she starts laughing, holding her hand over her mouth to keep the worst of it back.

“I’m sorry,” she says. She doesn’t stop laughing.

“Ah-hah!” Tommy shouts in triumph, phone snatched from Fundy’s hands held up to the sky. “I have retrieved the phone thingy!” The song starts back up again and Fundy doesn't stop himself from sighing in sadness, slumping as the blonde belts out the lyrics while playing the song at max volume. Why did he have to tell Tommy his password?

Goddess save him.

Chapter End Notes

Does this count as crack? I have no clue.

If anyone has any ideas please leave them in the comments! I've got a couple planned but I'm not finished writing/editing them yet.

Also, how would you feel about a more plot related chapter?

Have a great day/night! :)

How to make netherite 101

Chapter Summary

Skeppy and Bad figure out how to make netherite.

Chapter Notes

Takes place a few years before Tommy arrives in Esempii.

Edits made 2/14/24

“Skeppy? Are you in here?”

“Yeah! I’m just making some weapons!” Skeppy calls back before lowering his mask.

“Can I watch?”

“Sure! Just be careful!” he yells to be heard through the mask and outside the room over the roaring fire of a nearby furnace. It’s a good thing demons have good hearing otherwise there’d be no hope for Bad to hear him. “It’s hot as fuck in here!”

“Language!” Bad yells and Skeppy snickers as Bad walks into the room. “Also, I’m a demon Skeppy. A room full of fire is like perfect weather to me.”

“I know,” Skeppy smiles, toning down his volume now that there isn’t a wall between them. Carefully, Skeppy uses the tongs in his hands to hold a pot of melted iron and pull it out of the fire. “Doesn’t make it not hot.” Bad rolls his eyes then leans in and watches, tail swaying lazily behind him as he watches. He’s always thought Skeppy’s power was interesting and is, quite honestly, one of the coolest he’s ever heard of. “Stand back,” Skeppy warns. “This part’s a little dangerous.” Skeppy carefully pours the iron into the mold then sets the pot on the counter. He steps back, raising the welders mask he’d taken to wearing after one too many close calls, and allows his hands to return to their usual flesh from the diamond he’d turned them into while he held the hot iron then smacked them together a few times and wiped the remaining soot onto his apron.

He does some quick tidying around his work area while Bad looks around the forge as if he wasn’t there nearly every day, inspecting some newer weapons he’d made. After a bit he returns to the mold, Bad following close behind. Slowly, Skeppy pries the, now cool, iron sword from the mold, his calloused hands protecting him from what was left of the heat.

“Aren’t you sharpening it first?” Bad asks as he notices the empty counter.

“Nah, they’re usually plenty sharp when I change them into diamond,” Skeppy responds with a shrug. “I might clean it up a bit if it goes a little wonky, but I don’t usually need to. Besides, you know Techno. I wouldn’t be surprised if he was disappointed that I sharpened it for him and he wouldn’t be able to do it himself.”

“Yeah, that seems like him,” Bad chuckles.

Skeppy carefully lays the sword on the tabletop. He presses his hands onto the metal and just as he’s preparing to change the iron into diamond, his hands just beginning to glow with the telltale faint blue of a diamond transformation, the pot he’d somehow forgotten to move out of the way teetered.

“Shit!” Skeppy yells as it tips over and spills all over the blade. He jumps back and Bad panics, rushing around the table to check on Skeppy, but it was too late for the sword. He sighed, ready for all his work to go to waste as the iron melted and all he was left with was a chunk of diamond. Instead, as the iron began to glow orange from the heat the transformation of gleaming silver to icy blue shifted and became a deep gray color that was only a shade of two off from black. The transformation paused once the energy he’d poured into it faded out leaving half the blade melty iron and the other half the new material, along with some iron from the overturned pot spilled onto it.

Skeppy and Bad didn’t move for a few moments, breathing and watching as if any second the blade would catch fire, Skeppy’s hands shaking from the close call. He had a few burns, something he’s almost never seen without, but thankfully they were relatively minor. Skeppy takes a step forward.

“Skeppy,” Bad hisses, hand paused midair, half raised as if to catch his shoulder and pull him back. “Be careful.”

Skeppy nods and continues toward the blade. Bad hissing in a harsh breath when Skeppy picks up the blade, warm in his hands, and runs his fingers over the new material.

“Skeppy, what-”

“It’s netherite...”

“What?” Bad breathes before rushing forward to see the impossibility with his own eyes.

“Lady Death below, it’s *netherite*. Actual *netherite*.” The legendary material no one could figure out the origins of was right in front of his eyes and his best friend was the one who *found a way to make it*.. “Skeppy, you *made netherite*!”

“Holy shit,” Skeppy exclaims, the shock turning to excitement. Bad, too preoccupied with the fact that he was holding the largest amount of netherite ever seen in one place to tell him off for it, only stares in wonder. “No more digging through the ruins boys cause I just made netherite!” Skeppy whoops and does a victory dance, spinning in a circle.

“This is amazing, Skeppy,” Bad grins. “I’ve never seen so much netherite in one place,” he says in awe. Netherite, rumored to be the remnants of a time when the gods walked the earth among them, and he has almost an entire sword’s worth sitting right in front of him.

“Think of the potential!” Skeppy exclaims, stopping his dancing to grab Bad’s arm, shaking it in his excitement. “We could make entire *sets* of armor for everyone. We’ll never have to worry about shrapnel or gunshot wounds again!” Bad grins before grabbing Skeppy in a hug, spinning them around. Skeppy laughs as he’s lifted into the air and Bad squeezes him one last time before letting him down.

“This is going to change *everything*,” Bad grins.

End Notes

Any other ideas for things that happened in the first week?

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!